

# booty

FINALLY  
DONE!

## #20

APRIL 2005

to  
MARCH 2007

(so... i kinda  
didn't feel  
like drawing)

TRYING TO REMOVE  
PUB-TUBE PASS PHOTOS

Came working on my godzilla impression

### MUSIC FOR THIS ISSUE:

ABOUT A ZILLION MIX CDS ♡  
THE ENTIRE LUCKY SMITHS BACK CATALOGUE (THANK YOU, POLICE!) LOADS OF THE DECEMBERISTS, DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE,  
THE CURE (OF COURSE), PRINCE, PLACEBO, DAFT PUNK, ROBYN HITCHCOCK, JOY DIVISION, BILLY  
BRAGG, BIKINI KILL, THE GOSSIP, BAVHAUS, THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, RADIOHEAD, DIANE IZZO,  
THE CLASH, COCTEAU TWINS, RAINER MARIA, NIN, JAMC, THE POSTAL SERVICE...

this list is just gonna go on to n...

# booty

#20

april 2005  
to  
march 2007

WELL, HI. HI THERE. IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HUH?

Yeah, life's been a little weird lately. Lately I've been hanging out in the house listening to a lot of the radio. Modest Mouse. Panic! at the Disco. All that stuff. I don't know quite what to say - I didn't feel like drawing for a long time, and this issue had a few false starts. The lesson, I suppose, is that it just takes its own time. Like splinters working out of skin. Like getting over it and going on. Patience has never been my strong suit, but I'm getting better. I'm learning to slow down, finally, and stand up for myself a little more. I like where I live, and I like the folks there with me, and I've had twenty uninterrupted days to do loads of drawing and zines and to remind myself about what I liked so much about 'em in the first place. and i have new ventures (I'm writing about webcomics for Fleen.com -!). its strange- earlier this year I resolved to try to start taking my art a little more seriously, to become more mindful about what I was producing. To produce more of it. To mean it. To this end I got hooked in with a local-ish comics group ([www.treesandhills.org](http://www.treesandhills.org) - thanks Colin!) and I've vowed to quit being so dang shy about this book. I mean it. Thanks for hanging in there. ♥

happy reading!

be well!

♥, ANNE.

20 MARCH 07

★  
booty is by and © me;  
exceptions where noted.  
play nice, please, with  
anything other than  
fair use - just ask me.  
(i promise i'll be nice.)

★  
some trades welcome  
please contact first  
★

★  
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★



# HERE IS MY YULE LOG...

happy holidays  
Joy for the New Year  
exciting things afoot  
changes abound!  
♥anne

2005

• JANUARY: began in Reston, VA visiting friends  
MLA flu irradiated mom

• FEBRUARY: Judith Halberstam rules.  
off to NYC to see THE GATES  
very, very cold

• MARCH: Spring Arts at the Station  
paper accepted at MLA NEW ISSUE!

Robyn Hitchcock  
at Iron Horse  
in crazy rain

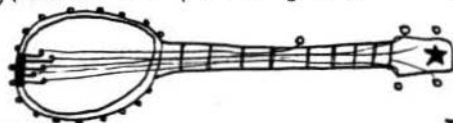
• APRIL: saw Rainer Maria play at Smith  
visited [redacted] (yikes)  
clinique sub  
(I am the makeup counter girl...)

end of my  
FCWSRC  
stint

• MAY: banjo ♥  
full-time soap job  
went to Mass MOCA  
(in platforms)

• JUNE: printmaking  
decided not to attend  
the [redacted]!!

• JULY: househunting  
femme burlesque  
packing (ugh)



FERRETS???

new housemate and her cool ferrets  
Volunteering with Planned Parenthood in Springfield

• AUGUST: moved 23 August — helped drive a 15-foot truck into downtown Boston...  
saw Jesse Malin play at Iron Horse

13 AUG  
Rode 55 miles in  
95° heat to raise  
money for various  
HIV/AIDS organizations  
throughout MA

• SEPTEMBER: pink hair!  
Rainer Maria at Iron Horse  
THIS CLOSE to Beth Dittoe <sup>gossip</sup> r.i.p. Meg  
booty at Atomic Books <sup>like</sup> GANG OF FREAKIN' FOUR! at Pearl St.

• OCTOBER: pink pageboy wig ... fire engine red hair underneath  
birthday. my alleged radio career  
my first collaborative cartoon

31 OCT  
Best  
Halloween  
Ever.



• NOVEMBER: re-registered for Red Ribbon Ride  
Alleged Radio Career, part 2  
IKEA expedition

• DECEMBER: MIA paper at the HINKLEY HILTON  
Ben learns block printing  
new shoes! • new glasses!

i have  
photos  
taken of  
my eyeballs!

i am trying  
to raise \$1800  
to ride both

anne thalheimer  
160 n. maple st.  
florencia ma 01062

thank you ♥ to last year's donors  
my Red Ribbon Ride website:

(THIS YEAR I HAVE A TEAM!)

[http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TRC?pg=peditor&fr\\_id=1010&px=1003482](http://www.massredribbonride.org/site/TRC?pg=peditor&fr_id=1010&px=1003482)

Donations = art! see website for details ♥ | days in Aug 06

... and 2006

7 MAY 86



# 2006

1/3/07

YET ANOTHER  
... YEAR WITH  
NO NEW ISSUE.

(SO, INSTEAD I'M GOING TO JUST  
SIT DOWN AND DRAW SOMETHING.)  
NAME



↑ REALLY OUGHT TO LOOK A BIT  
MORE EMBARRASSED.

BIG FUNNY HAT.



(ACTUALLY, I KINDA LOOK  
MORE LIKE THIS - IT'S  
56° IN MY HOUSE  
BECAUSE THE HEAT IS  
TOO DAMN EXPENSIVE  
TO CRANK AND THE  
HOUSE IS OLD + DRAFTY)



↑ NOT SURE IF THIS IS CUTE  
OR TOO MUCH LIKE THE  
SCREEN.

IT'S NOT EXACTLY WRITER'S BLOCK. AND I DON'T FEEL DEPRESSED. REALLY.



I'M JUST KIND  
OF GETTING  
OVER EVERYTHING  
AT MY OWN  
DAMN SLOW  
PACE. LIKE USUAL.

(OH LOOK!  
CUTE AGAIN,  
BUT OUT OF  
PERSPECTIVE.)

↑ THIS IS AN  
UNDERSTATEMENT.

MOST OF YOU KNOW THAT I LEFT MY COOL SOAP JOB IN MAY. I WAS VERY  
EXCITED TO LEAVE A JOB WHERE I WAS BEING TREATED  
SO POORLY, BUT IT WAS HARD TO LET GO OF A JOB  
WHERE I'D MADE A BIG IMPACT ON THE SALES, AND  
WHERE A LOT OF CUSTOMERS TOLD ME  
"NOW, YOU SURE KNOW A LOT  
ABOUT THIS STUFF."



OK. YES.  
I'M A LITTLE VAIN.



THIS IS PROBABLY THE WORST  
DRAWING OF A BAR OF SOAP I'VE EVER  
SEEN.

(MAYBE I HAVE  
GONE TO ART SCHOOL.)  
IT LOOKS LIKE PIE (FUCK!)



I LIKE SOUNDING LIKE  
A FUCKIN' SMARTYANTS.

WHY D'YA THINK I GOT  
THAT GODDAMN PH.D.?

(NOT  
TRUE.)

↑ OKAY NOT  
ENTIRELY  
TRUE.

HOLY SHIT.  
I DID THAT?



I WAS ALSO VERY GOOD  
AT MY JOB. I CAN'T  
TELL YOU NUMBERS,  
EXACTLY, BUT THERE  
WERE MONTHS WHERE  
MY DEPARTMENT'S  
SALES WERE 4 OR 5  
TIMES MY YEARLY  
INCOME.

THIS TIME,  
LAST YEAR,  
INSIDE



BUT IT WASN'T  
LIKE THAT  
MADE IT  
INTO MY  
POCKET.

FOLO!  
SO VERY  
VERY COLD.

GO. FUCK YOURSELVES.



I DID NOT SAY THAT.  
BUT I CERTAINLY THOUGHT IT.  
WHEN I LEFT I HADN'T  
HAD A RAISE BASED ON  
MERIT IN OVER A YEAR.

I'D HAD ONE FORMAL  
EVALUATION IN THE 2 YEARS  
I'D WORKED THERE. AND MY SUPERVISOR  
KEPT CALLING ME "A BRAT" - NO JOKE.

INSTANT KARMA:

TWO WEEKS AFTER I QUIT,  
MY SUCKY MANAGER  
GOT FIRED.

A FRIEND PHONED ME @  
MY NEW JOB TO TELL  
ME THE NEWS.  
(A SATISFYING COINCIDENCE.)

IN MY DEFENSE I'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
ABLE  
TO  
DRAW  
PHONES.



MY LAST DAY WAS UNEVENTFUL.  
I'D GIVEN TWO WEEKS NOTICE,  
BUT ALL THE HIGHER-UPS ACTED  
AS IF THIS DAY WAS LIKE ALL  
OTHERS.

I WAS GLAD WHEN IT  
WAS FINALLY OVER.

BESIDES, I HAD A NEW  
JOB TO START...

THE  
VERY  
NEXT  
DAY.

NO! I AM  
NOT THIS  
SKINNY.  
(NOT THIS CUTE)

YES, WE HAD TO  
WEAR APRONS.  
AND, YES, I WORE  
MAKEUP. THAT'S A STORY UNTO ITSELF, HONEST TO GOD.



THE BEGINNING OF THE END ACTUALLY  
CAME ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR.  
I KEPT GETTING INEXPLICABLY SICK @  
WORK, AND THEN FEELING FINE OUTSIDE  
OF WORK.



HEADACHEY.  
PUKEY.  
DIZZY.  
LITERALLY BUMPING  
INTO THINGS.  
IT WAS SCARY.

WE DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT IS.



E.R. DOC.  
I WENT  
AFTER I  
WALKED INTO  
A SHELF @  
WORK.  
HE GAVE  
ME  
PAINKILLERS +  
SAID IT WASN'T A  
SINUS INFECTION.

ARE YOU  
SURE IT'S  
NOT A COLD?



CLINIC DOC

NO PRESCRIPTION.  
THEN I FOUND OUT  
THEY WERE CLEANING  
THE HEATING DUCTS  
@ WORK! ARGH!

2006, PG 2.

SO I WENT OVER TO A DIFFERENT  
HEALTH CENTER TO A NURSE PRACTITIONER.  
SHE TOLD ME NOT TO GO TO WORK, TO



YOU HAVE TO TAKE  
ME OFF THE  
SCHEDULE. MY  
DOCTOR SAID SO.  
I HAVE A NOTE.

SEE IF  
IT  
IMPROVED.  
IF I  
FELT  
BETTER.

GUESS WHAT?  
IT WORKED.

OH, BUT I HAVE MCS AND  
REALLY, YOU  
JUST HAVE TO  
EXPOSE  
YOURSELF TO  
THOSE THINGS  
MAKING YOU SICK,  
AND ...TOUGH IT OUT!!



AFTER THAT'S  
WHEN MY SUPERVISOR  
REALLY STARTED  
GETTING SNARKY.

MY SUPERVISOR  
WASN'T SYMPATHETIC  
IN THE LEAST, WHICH WAS  
WEIRD CONSIDERING SHE  
INSISTED SHE HAD MCS.



BUT IT MAKES  
ME SICK +  
IN PAIN +  
WALK INTO  
STUFF!

ME, FEELIN' REAL SMALL.  
IT WAS BAD.

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN'.  
IT SOUNDS LIKE A SCAM, I KNOW.



BUT IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT  
ME, YOU KNOW IT TAKES  
A WHOLE FUCKING LOT  
TO GET ME TO A DOCTOR.

AND I HATE EMERGENCY ROOMS.

I ALSO SORT OF HATE BEING TOUCHED. AND SICK.  
AND I REALLY HATE BEING IN PAIN, DAMN IT.

I ALSO HATE  
GOING TO THE



DENTIST.

WHICH I DO HAVE  
TO DO BECAUSE I  
DO HAVE A TOOTH  
THAT LOOKS LIKE  
THIS. I'M IN HELL.



I CAN'T IMAGINE  
WHAT IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN LIKE  
FOR MY MOTHER.

I IMAGINE HER  
SCARS UNDER  
HER T-SHIRT.

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT  
CANCER ANYMORE.  
(BUT I STILL THINK ABOUT IT.)

I DO FEEL LIKE THIS SOMETIMES.  
(MY MOM DOESN'T MISS HER.)



OH, JUST FUCKIN'  
CUT 'EM OFF!!  
IT'S NOT LIKE  
I'M GONNA USE  
THE GODDAMN  
THINGS!!

WOULD I MISS MINE?  
DO I MISS HER? I  
MEAN, THEY NURTURED

ME AS AN INFANT, AND  
TURNED INTO THIS LETHAL  
THING, SO MUCH SO THAT MY  
MOM CHOSE TO TRADE THE ONE  
HEALTHY BREAST FOR PEACE OF  
MIND AND HAD IT REMOVED ALONG  
WITH THE CANCEROUS ONE. AND SHE  
ACTUALLY DID SOMETHING WITH HER.  
(I'M THE FIRST OF THREE CHILDREN.)

MINE... MINE DON'T DO  
ANYTHING. THEY DON'T  
PAY THE RENT. THEY  
DON'T FEED BABIES.  
THEY AREN'T  
PARTICULARLY  
PERKY, OR  
SAVVY, OR  
ADMIRABLE.  
THEY DON'T  
HAVE A  
USEFUL  
FUNCTION  
(THOUGH AS OF LATE I  
HAVE BEEN CARRYING MY  
FLASH DRIVE IN MY BRA.  
DOESN'T GET LOST THAT  
WAY, OR DAMAGED). I  
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT  
THEM THAT MUCH. REALLY.  
SO WOULD I MISS 'EM?



I DUNNO. I DON'T.  
BUT THE REALLY HORRIBLE  
TRUTH, WHAT I'M SURE OF,  
IS THE THOUGHT OF  
SOMEONE ELSE  
TOUCHING THEM  
KIND OF MAKES  
ME SICK.

WHICH SUCKS.

I'M NOT A  
BODY-HATING  
KIND OF GAL.

NOT REALLY.



I THINK I KEEP THINKING THAT IF I DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, AT SOME POINT IT'LL GO AWAY, THAT I WON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT ANYMORE.



MMPF.

THIS IS NOT MY BEST STRATEGY.

THINK SOUTH PARK. NOT ELF.



FOR STARTERS...

IT MAKES ISSUES LATE!!  
GODDAMMIT.

EMBARRASSING BUT TRUE.



I OVERANALYZE. I CAN'T LET GO. I HAVE TROUBLE GIVING UP THE TRUTH BECAUSE IT INVOLVES OTHER PEOPLE. AND I'M NOT A NICE KID, NOT WHEN I'M HURT.



I DELAYED THIS ISSUE TO TRY TO FIND A WAY TO TELL THESE STORIES. ONE INVOLVES A SCHOOL IN VERMONT, AND THE OTHER'S ABOUT A BOY IN BALTIMORE.

ONE GAVE ME ATTENTION FOR WHAT ENDED UP FEELING LIKE THE WRONG REASONS. THE OTHER GAVE ME NO ATTENTION AT ALL, FOR A REASON I DOUBT I'LL EVER KNOW.



BOTH HURT LIKE HELL.

IT FELT A LITTLE LIKE HEARTBREAK, ACTUALLY, IN REALIZING THAT IN BOTH CASES I WASN'T AT ALL WHAT THEY WANTED, NOT REALLY. I WASN'T INTERESTING ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GET TO KNOW, TO KEEP, TO CONTINUE - I WAS A CHECK, OR A DISTRACTION, OR JUST TOO MUCH TO DEAL WITH, BUT IN THE END...NOT WORTH KEEPING.



I FEEL A LITTLE LIKE I'M CHEATING.

BUT I THINK THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU. ABOUT ALL THAT, ANYWAY.



IS IT OVER YET?  
AM I OVER IT YET??



BECAUSE, HONESTLY, I AM FUCKING OVER BEING SAD ABOUT THESE THINGS. GOOD RIDDANCE.

BUT YOU'RE STILL NOT GETTING THE STORIES. ♡



AND MAYBE THAT'S MY BIG LESSON - EVERYTHING ON ITS OWN TIME. I'LL GET OVER IT IN MY OWN TIME. OK. WHATEVER.



MORE TO THE POINT

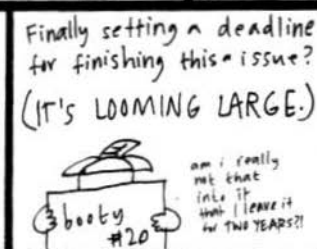
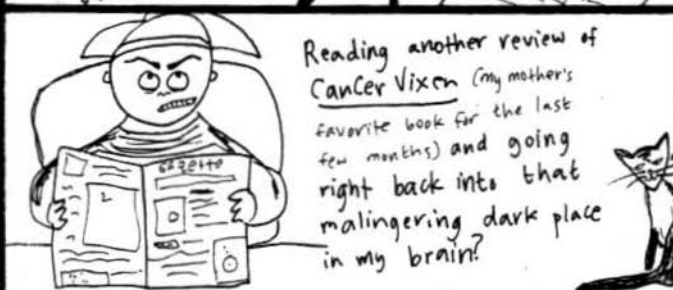
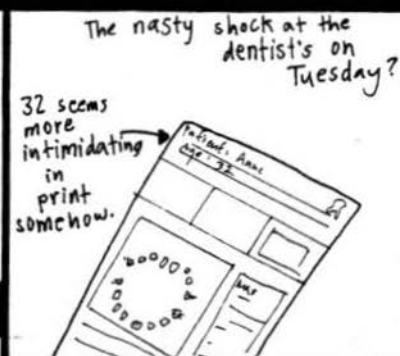
THE ISSUE WILL TAKE ITS OWN DAMN SWEET TIME TO GET DONE. EVEN IF THAT'S TWO WHOLE FREAKING YEARS.  
OH GOD.

HOPEFULLY IT WILL NEVER EVER EVER TAKE QUITE SO LONG AGAIN.



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!! PLENTY OF OTHER STUFF I JUST BELIEVE! JEEZ! WHAT ABOUT THE SHOW?

YES. NOW THAT THE MISERABLE'S OUT OF THE WAY, LET'S GET ON WITH IT, SHALL WE? (TEESH!) end.





25  
FEB  
07

SO, I'D BEEN SAYING THIS:



ESPECIALLY SINCE THE STUDIO'S SHOWS DON'T REALLY DRAW A CROWD.



SO I  
PITCHED  
ONE  
@ A LOCAL  
GALLERY



IT GOT  
ACCEPTED.

HOLY CRAP!

WATCH  
THIS PRINT!!



THE IDEA WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH -  
HALF THE SHOW WAS FRAMED WORK,  
AND HALF THE SHOW WAS SELF-SERVE  
WORK ON A CLOTHESLINE.

THIS WAY  
IS THE  
STUFF IN  
FRAMES



THIS WAY  
IS THE  
CHEAP ART ON  
A CLOTHESLINE



THE CONCEPT WAS  
INSPIRED BY THE  
ART-O-MAT, BY  
THE POSTSECRET  
EXHIBIT, AND OF  
COURSE BY  
BREAD + PUPPET. ♥  
★  
ART IS FOR KITCHENS!  
art is like good bread!  
H Y R R A H!! ♥  
● ♥ ★

WE HAD A POSTER UP EXPLAINING HOW IT  
WORKED - PUT A DOLLAR IN THE CASHBOX +  
TAKE HOME SOME CHEAP ART! - AND WE  
WERE UP FROM 19 NOV - 11 DEC 06!



IT WASN'T IDEAL - OUR CASHBOX  
GOT STOLEN ONCE, AND TWO  
OF THE FRAMED WORKS GOT  
SWIPED - INCLUDING MY  
HEART PRINT - AND THE  
WHOLE EXPERIENCE  
WAS KIND OF FRUSTRATING...  
BUT WE HAD A KILLER RECEPTION!! ♥

GROUCHY!!



I STARTED THE DAY VERY CRABBY, BUT THE RECEPTION  
WAS SO MUCH FUN - WE HAD TWINKIES AND PINEAPPLE  
SODA AND A TABLE FULL OF ART SUPPLIES FOR FOLKS  
TO SIT DOWN + MAKE THEIR OWN CHEAP ART!

IT WAS RAD.  
IT WAS THE MOST FUN I'VE  
EVER HAD @ AN ART RECEPTION!

♥

COOL!

WE STILL HAVE CHEAP ART! SEND ME \$1 AND A STAMP  
AND I'LL PUT SOME CHEAP ART! IN THE POST FOR YOU! ♥





SO I DROVE HOME IN A DAZE  
AND THEN STARTED SENDING OUT  
APPLICATIONS.



OK-FINE.  
AND THEN  
I STARTED  
DRINKING.

THE NEXT MORNING, WHILE REGISTERING  
FOR UNEMPLOYMENT, I

YOU HAVE  
NO IDEA  
WHY YOU  
WERE  
TERMINATED?



HAD A  
THOUGHT.

YUP.  
PRETTY  
MUCH.

NO IDEA  
AT ALL.

THIS IS  
KINDA  
LIKE  
GETTING  
DUMPED.

THAT'S CORRECT.  
SHE DIDN'T TELL ME.

P. 2

SO WHEN I FINISHED  
THAT CALL, I MADE  
ANOTHER.



I THINK  
THAT'S THE  
ANSWER.

SO, WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?



I NEED  
A CHANGE.

SURE YOU DON'T  
WANTA 'BRITNEY'?

TRIED IT. NOT  
A GOOD LOOK  
FOR ME.

OHAY, I ABOUT REALLY LOOK  
LIKE THIS EITHER



IT'S NOT A  
RADICAL  
CHANGE.  
BUT IT'S CUTE.

AND IT'S  
BLONDE,  
AGAIN!

ON FRIDAY I HAD AN INTERVIEW.  
(I WAS FIRED WEDNESDAY, AFTER  
WORKING A  
FULL DAY.)



SO-YOU  
HAVE A  
PH.D.!

GLT...FRIGGIN' SMILE

THAT'S S!  
I'M TOTALLY  
LOVING THIS.

IT WENT OK.

I HAVE ANOTHER ON WEDNESDAY.  
(TODAY'S MONDAY.)



STARTIN' TO GET  
A LITTLE  
STIR-CRAZY!

FREAKSHOW!!  
IMPATIENT!!



I KNOW,  
I KNOW...  
IT'S BEEN  
THREE  
BUSINESS  
DAYS...

← CRANKY!

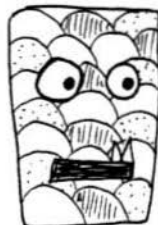
BUT IT'S GREAT FOR PROJECTS!  
AND DOING STUFF I COULDN'T  
BEFORE IN AN OFFICE ALL DAY.



THIS IS  
SORT OF  
LIKE BEING  
ON HOLIDAY.

I'M KICKING  
ASS GETTING  
THIS NEW ISSUE  
FINISHED, AT  
LONG LAST!

I MADE A BUNCH OF MONSTER PILLOWS WITH  
LAVENDER IN THEM FOR THE  
BOSTON ZINE FAIR AND FOR  
MY FRIEND TANYA'S WEBSITE.  
AND I'M SENDING ALONG SOME  
TO MY DAD TOO. (OH! THE LAVENDER'S  
FROM THE FARM WHERE HE WORKS.)  
[AND I MADE MONSTER-MAKING  
KITS!]



JESUS CHRIST. I FEEL LIKE  
I'M IN A CARE VIDEO  
DO SOMETHING.



I WENT FOR A LONG WALK.

THE BOYS THINK IT'S GREAT.

OH, MY GOD.  
WE JUST  
WENT  
KITTY  
LOTT.

MAYBE  
SHE'LL  
FORGET  
SHE  
ALREADY  
FORGOT



OH WAIT,  
WE  
MEAN,  
MROWL!  
YOWL!  
ROW!

HONEY,  
WHERE  
HAVE  
YOU  
BEEN?!



AND I'M  
CATCHING  
UP WITH  
OLD  
FRIENDS.

WAIT A MINUTE.  
WHY DO I WANT  
TO GET ANOTHER  
JOB AGAIN?



FIN



WELCOME TO FABULOUS LAS VEGAS, BABY!!

I LANDED VERY LATE AT NIGHT.



NO WONDER IT'S  
THE ONLY CITY  
ABLE TO BE  
SEEN FROM  
SPACE.

(ON 6 OCTOBER 2006)

THE SHEER SCALE OF IT WAS UNREAL.



NO, THE WAY  
OUT'S TO THE  
LEFT...  
I THINK...

VEGAS IS BIG  
AND WEIRD!

THEY HAD MAPS OF THE HOTEL! NO JOKE!

MY FIRST NIGHT  
WAS A RUDE  
AWAKENING:

LOTS OF SMOKING  
IN HOTEL LOBBIES.  
EVERYTHING WAS  
CROWDED AND  
NOTHING EVER  
SEEMED TO CLOSE.



I'M GONNA DIE...

SMOKE!!

IT WAS KIND OF A BIRTHDAY THING.  
I'D MADE PLANS TO MEET UP WITH  
MY FRIEND LESLEY, WHO I HADN'T



THAT'S IT!  
I WANNA GO  
TO THE GRAND  
CANYON!!

SEEN FOR  
A WHILE.

ME, LAST APRIL OR SO

LESLEY'S ONE OF MY CLOSEST  
FRIENDS. AND MY VERY BEST  
CO-CONSPIRATOR IN INTER-  
NATIONAL TRAVEL.



YOU  
RULE.

EVERY YEAR OR  
TWO WE GET  
TOGETHER FOR A  
LITTLE INTERNATIONAL MATHEM.

DRIVING TOUR OF  
CANADA? CHECK.  
DRIVING TOUR OF  
THE SOUTH? CHECK.

LAS VEGAS?  
NOT YET.



DON'T  
FORGET  
CALGARY!

SO WE MET UP  
IN VEGAS.

LESLEY AND I ARE AN ODD PAIR-  
SHE'S VERY PROPER + PUT TOGETHER.  
(AND I AM TOO... IN MY OWN WAY.)



WHAT?

YOU FORGOT  
ABOUT THE  
WHITE SOCKS!

ATHLETIC SOCKS.  
NO SELF-RESPECTING  
ENGLISHMAN WITH TASTE  
WOULD EVER WEAR THEM. HARRY!!



AS OPPOSED TO ME,  
THAT IS- SINCE  
VERY LITTLE IS AS  
COMFORTABLE WITH  
BIG STOMPY DOC  
MARTEN BOOTS!

STEEL  
TOE  
BIG SOLE.

BUT WE WERE AN ODDER  
PAIR IN VEGAS.  
NON-GAMBLING,



WHY ARE  
THOSE  
GUYS LOOKING  
AT US FUNNY?

NON-  
SMOKING  
NON-  
CLUBBING  
VEGETARIANS.

AND IF THAT WASN'T WEIRD ENOUGH,  
I'D JUST GOTTEN CONTACT LENSES,  
WHICH I WAS SUPPOSED TO WEAR



ARGH!  
I'M GONNA  
CLAW MY  
EYES OUT!!

EACH DAY  
FOR AN  
INCREASING  
AMOUNT OF  
HOURS.

NEW LENSES +  
LOTS OF SMOKE & DRY AIR?=  
VERY VERY BAD.

BUT WHAT WAS GOOD  
IS THAT IT  
WAS  
WARM.



NEW ENGLAND  
IS NOT WARM  
IN OCTOBER.

(POINT  
FOR  
VEGAS.)

AND LESLEY RULES!

OUR BIG SATURDAY NIGHT OUT  
CONSISTED OF 2 FOR ONE  
DAQURIES (SP?) AT THE OUTSIDE  
HOTEL BAR



AND DOING  
CRAFTS  
UNTIL IT  
GOT  
TOO  
DARK.  
AWESOME!!

KNITTING  
(ME)  
AND  
CRAFT-  
STITCH  
(CLEAN)  
ROCK!!

I HAD A SHORT TO-DO LIST, AND WE KNOCKED A LOT OF THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY - SAW

TO DO:  
 \* Grand Canyon Tour (done)  
 \* Friday Wilson's Pad  
 \* Caesar's Place Shop  
 \* New York New York  
 \* The Strip  
 \* Caesar's  
 \* Entertainment  
 \* Randy's Caesar's Shop

MOTITOS RULG

THE VOLCANO AND THE SIRENS OF TI THING, AND WALKED THE STRIP AND SHOPPED - I HAD A

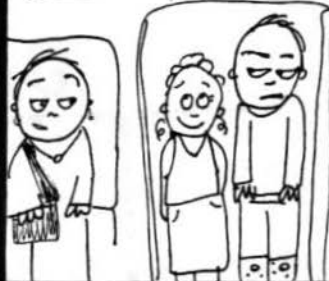
GREAT MOTO TO @ THE CAESARS PALACE SHOPS.

I RODE THE MONORAIL, WHICH I LOVED.

LESLEY WANTED TO DO OTHER THINGS (MORE SHOPPING) SO I RODE

THE MONORAIL FOR A WHILE WITH MY SKETCHBOOK, JUST PEOPLE - WATCHING AND SKETCHING. BACK + FORTH. IT WAS GREAT. VERY QUIET AND NOT AT ALL CROWDED. LOTS OF ROOM.

VEGAS 2



IT'S TRUE. IT'S 2 1/2 X MORE \$ THAN THE BUS, AND THE STOPS ARE MORE LIMITED.



IT'S 'CAUSE THE THING'S A TOURIST TRAP!!

BUT THERE'S ROOM!!

LITERALLY, IT WAS LIKE THIS



EVERY SINGLE TIME I WAS ON THE BUS,

EXCEPT FOR ONE NOTABLE TIME.



THESE 50 YR OLD LADIES WERE HAVING A REUNION AND CRACKED US UP THE WHOLE WAY BACK FROM FREMONT ST. (WE WERE ALL ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE BUS).

ALL MY GRIPEs ABOUT THE WONDER THAT IS VEGAS (CROWDED, SMOKY, VERY TOURISTY) ASIDE, THERE ARE THREE THINGS THAT MADE THE WHOLE TRIP WORTH IT.

① MY DAD DROVE OUT FROM CALIFORNIA TO SEE US. ONE OF MY MOST FAVORITE MEMORIES OF THIS TRIP IS RIDING THE NEW YORK NEW YORK ROLLER COASTER WITH HIM. WITH MY 52 YEAR OLD FATHER. HOW F\*CKIN' COOL IS THAT?!!

BIG FREKKIN' DROP



UPSIDE-DOWN BIT! CEMURGH!!

I CAN NOT DRAW OR DESCRIBE FULLY HOW BREATHTAKING THE GRAND CANYON TRULY IS.

LESLEY'S THE BEST SPORT EVER.

SHE CAME ALONG ON A VERY SPENDY HELICOPTER + LIMO + LUNCH TOUR. EVEN THOUGH SHE'D BEEN ONCE BEFORE, HAD ALREADY SEEN THE GRAND CANYON, AND ISN'T CRAZY ABOUT FLYING.

THIS WAS TRULY ONE OF THE BEST DAYS OF MY ENTIRE LIFE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.



③ BEING TAUGHT BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN HOW TO HAVE A REAL AMERICAN HOLIDAY:

IN PATAMAS, EATING FAST FOOD, AND



OH MY GOD! THIS WAS THE BEST IDEA EVER!

I KNOW.

WATCHING TELEVISION!

end



# HARBOR

to the

# BAY

BOSTON

PROVINCE-TOWN

HIV HOTLINE  
(Toll-free)  
1-800-235-2331  
TIT: 617-437-1672

16m07

MANY OF YOU KNOW BY NOW THAT I'VE GOTTEN SORT OF INTO DISTANCE BIKING. FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS

I'VE RIDDEN WITH THE MASS RED RIBBON RIDE... which I loved.



LAST YEAR I EVEN CAPTAINED A TEAM -

THE MIGHTY DERRICUDAS! WHO RODE ON DAY ONE, AND I RODE DAY 2 ON MY OWN.

I DID 128.3 MILES OVER THOSE TWO DAYS (MY LAST CENTURY)

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT ALL THOSE BIKES ON THE CAR!

(HARIS, YOU ARE AMAZING)

\*PERPETUAL THANKS TO PJH, OF COURSE!

BUT, IN ORDER TO HELP RAISE MORE MONEY, THE RED RIBBON RIDE JOINED WITH ANOTHER RIDE - THE HARBOR TO THE BAY.



BIKE HELMETS ARE EXCELLENT FASHION STATEMENTS. EVERYONE ON A BIKE OUGHTA WEAR 'EM!

IT'S ONE DAY, NOT TWO, BUT

ON ONE HAND, I'M KIND OF BUMMED. I LIKED THE IDEA OF A CROSS-MASSACHUSETTS RIDE. WESTERN MA OFTEN GETS NEGLECTED IN FAVOR OF STUFF IN BOSTON, AND WHILE I LIKE BOSTON, I THINK THAT'S KIND OF A DRAG.



shrug!

BUT HOW COULD I NOT RIDE?

COVERS A PART OF MA THAT I HAVE NOT YET RIDDEN: BOSTON TO THE VERY TIP OF THE CAPE: P. TOWN!

I MET AMAZING, INSPIRING FOLKS ON THE RIDE. I RODE MORE THAN I'VE EVER DONE BACK-TO-BACK.



AND, REALLY, THE BOTTOM LINE: AIDS ISN'T OVER.

NOT BY A LONG SHOT.

THE STATISTICS ARE KIND OF STAGGERING. OVER 3.1 MILLION PEOPLE DIE EVERY YEAR, AND THAT



LET'S BRING IT LOCAL. EVERY YEAR THERE ARE APPROX. 1,000 NEW INFECTIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS. IT IS ESTIMATED THAT ONE-THIRD OF THESE FOLKS DO NOT KNOW.

NUMBER IS RISING. 39.4 MILLION PEOPLE WORLD-WIDE ARE LIVING WITH HIV/AIDS

I'M RIDING TO RAISE \$ FOR THE AIDS ACTION COMMITTEE - THEY WERE THE MAJOR ORGANIZING FORCE BEHIND THE RED RIBBON RIDE + SOME OF THAT \$ IS COMING BACK LOCALLY TO AIDS CARE/

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU??

- any donation gets you some sort of small goody
- \$15 = limited edition print of some kind
- \$30 = custom art...? funky surprises...?
- \$75 or more = holy smoke! just you wait!!



YOU CAN DONATE ONLINE @

HARBORTOTHEBAY.COM

CLICK ON "DONATE" + SEARCH FOR ME, EITHER BY NAME OR RIDER # (240) OR YOU CAN WRITE TO ME + ILL MAIL YOU A PLEDGE FORM AND SOME GOODIES ♥



THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT, FOLKS.

♥, ANNE



WHEN I DECIDED THAT  
I WASN'T GONNA GO  
BACK TO SCHOOL AFTER  
ALL, I TOOK THE \$  
I WOULD HAVE HAD  
TO HAVE SPENT ON  
FINANCE CHARGES...

and i bought myself a

# banjo



I'm taking lessons with  
the same guy with  
whom i studied

mandolin  
when i first  
moved to Amherst  
and had the mandolin restored.

Mine is actually pretty old.  
The guys @ the shop where i  
bought it think it's 1890s  
era.



IT WASN'T ENTIRELY AN  
IMPULSE  
PURCHASE -  
I DON'T SPEND  
THAT MUCH \$  
ON A WHIM.

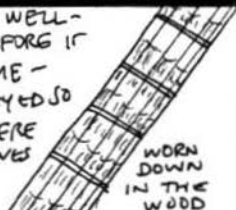


BUT I KIND OF  
FELL IN LOVE AT



FIRST  
SIGHT  
OF  
THE THING.

IT'S BEEN WELL-  
LOVED BEFORE IT  
REACHED ME -  
BEEN PLAYED SO  
MUCH THERE  
ARE GROOVES



WORN  
DOWN  
IN THE  
WOOD

Tuning it is a special  
challenge... someday  
i'll get newer tuning  
pegs...



maybe.

It's got such an amazing,  
organic kind of  
sound, when  
all fingers are  
in correct  
chord positions

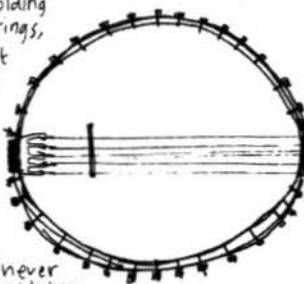


And i'm totally smitten  
with the fact that  
i own an antique  
which is still totally  
functioning + playable.



and the history of the banjo itself is kind of fascinating, especially in the united states. and it seems the more i play, the more i begin to hear banjos every-where. in lucksmiths songs! and i know the decemberists have one. and the more that i talk to people, the more it seems as if playing the banjo's back in vogue. i've had mine for about two years now, and i've only really skimmed the surface of what one can do with these things.

This detail  
here, holding  
the strings,  
is what  
sold me  
on the  
banjo  
It's so  
simple  
and  
elegant  
and i've never  
seen anything  
quite like it.



my banjo is  
old and quirky and fussy.

(okay, the strings are a little out of whack.  
straight lines are not exactly my forte.)

I think it's what drew  
me to her  
in the first  
place.

I wonder where she's been  
all this time.

# Reference Map

- ★ expects more than it is getting.
- ★ doesn't know quite what it is doing here

★ steeped in a bit too much of DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE, THE CURE, AND THE DECEMBERISTS.

- ★ doesn't seem to want much company.

★ won't wait on you to come around.  
It's too old and too tired to waste that kind of time

- ★ has been known to skip beats at times for reasons that it keeps secret.

★ was such trouble in its youth

★ erratic! irregular!

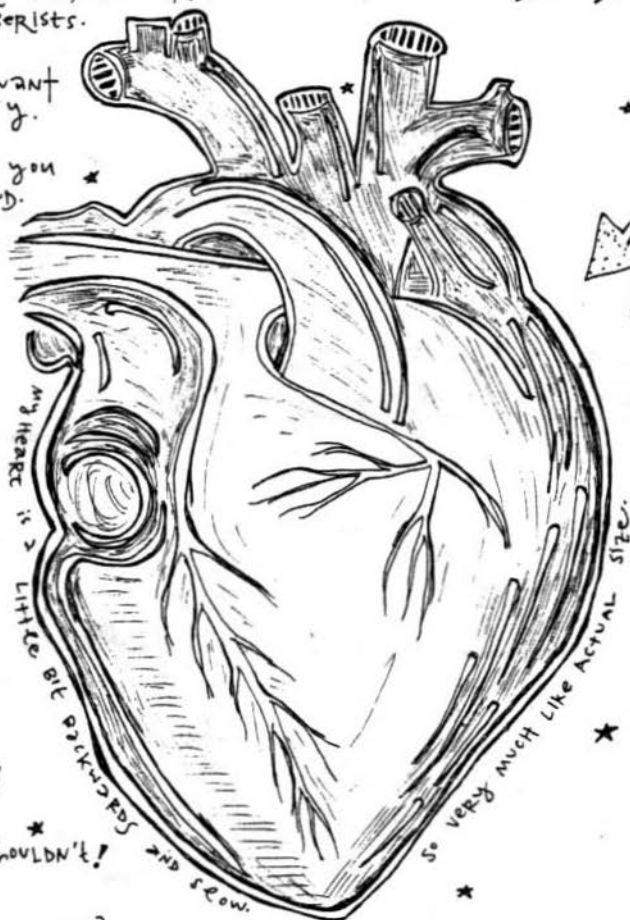
- ★ has started to miss things it shouldn't!

★ it is full of {hidden, of course!} soft spots.  
for strange things.  
for simple stuff.  
for chord progressions that are hard to play, and places far away from here.

(Reykjavik. London. Dublin.)

★ that said, it is a tough thing!  
All muscle. no patience.

and all kinds of self-mending. it is amazing.  
NOT FRAGILE! HAS SURVIVED 2 FEW REALLY BAD STOMPINGS.



NOT QUITE AN empty room, NOT quite the heart that you call home, NOT REALLY ALL THAT INHABITABLE WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT.

does not sit all like to shore

★ stays 2 way from state fairs

★ would not fit through even the fastest-typing fingertips sticky expressions or no.

★ not too gooey, or mushy, or rotten, ...but

it is kind of a malcontent.  
smells of almonds.  
(and a little like cat spit)

★ fills up with rain.

★ stays up late. on school nights.

19 SEPTEMBER 2006